

## Iron County Register

BY ELLI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### CLOVER.

Just at the south side of our house, beside the eastern fence, the clover grew as nowhere else it grew. Folding its triple leaves together close at evening.

Turning its silver lining to the dew. There drowsy bees came, humming and well laden. Went to the hive with amber-covered thighs: It was so green, so sheltered and so peaceful. I oft recall the spot, 'neath distant skies.

And there "we children" played with neighboring companions— How time goes by—dead now or scattered wide. All then so glad and guileless. Those that love them.

Say now of some: "There better they had died." Yet surely, though that childhood hand is broken. And innocence is gone and youth is over. Each heart has, like the bees, lived some sweet treasure.

And memory wakes still at the breath of clover. —C. N. Gregory, in N. Y. Independent.

### SILURAH'S STRIKE.

How Mr. Arrowshooter Was Conquered at Last.

(Original.)

ABIAH ANONADAB ARROWSHOOTER sat by the fire one cold winter morning reading "The Daily News." The kitchen was not in its usual good order—there was lack of a woman's neatness, there was want of womanly care. A pair of stout cowhide boots stood on a shelf over the stove, while their owner, tilted back in his chair, toasted his feet in the oven.

The table was cluttered with dirty dishes. The necessary and greasy plates stood as they were left after a hearty meal. Since Mr. Arrowshooter had presided over the kitchen and pans unwashed dishes had collected in ever-increasing numbers.

Mr. Arrowshooter was a peculiar man, with a peculiar name, which had been handed down from father to son through several generations. He held peculiar views on woman's work and woman's sphere. "Women are fools," he said, "to spend so much time washing dishes. Might we leave 'em alone till there's enough to make a job of 'em, and right 'em all up the first rainy day."

He felt well satisfied with himself on this particular morning, for having momentarily reviewed a disturbance in his domestic affairs he decided that, since he had publicly asserted his rights, he had settled the matter in a manner befitting the dignity of manhood.

To be sure the breakfast was not so palatable as when "Silurah" prepared the fragrant meal, but he "reckoned him and Sam could get along until Silurah came to her senses. Anyhow, he wouldn't be troubled by her. He would let alone his own wife, and if she thought he'd put up with such high falutin' doings, she'd tackled the wrong man."

With these reflections, he leisurely glanced over his paper, in a serene state of mind, carefully avoiding the item in which he was particularly interested. When at last he forced himself to read it, he sprang from his chair in wrathful consternation.

Slowly he read aloud: "Whereas my wife Silurah Arrowshooter has left my bed and board I will pay no bills of her contracting."

"ABIAH ANONADAB ARROWSHOOTER."

Directly under this insertion was the following:

"Warning!!  
"Women are notified to keep away from the premises of Abiah Anonadab Arrowshooter, as his wife Silurah has struck for higher wages."  
"SILURAH MELINDA ARROWSHOOTER."

"The impudent hussy!" exclaimed Mr. Arrowshooter, as he ground the paper under his foot. "A pretty talk that'll make! Every family in Stokerville takes the News. It'll be all over town before night. But I'll get even with her! She sha'n't boycott me—I'll give her enough of it!"

The next day Mrs. Silurahs had a laundry time since she married Anonadab. She wasn't brought up to do farm work. He used to be a terrible close-fisted young fellow, though where he got the trait nobody knows. They say he's worse

"I'm sure I hope she will," returned Mrs. Fairplay. "Silurah's had a laundry time since she married Anonadab. She wasn't brought up to do farm work. He used to be a terrible close-fisted young fellow, though where he got the trait nobody knows. They say he's worse

"That's downright mean," said Miss Chirp. "Scripture says: 'He that doth not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel.'"

"Silurah's borne more than I would," resumed Mrs. Fairplay. "She's paid her hired girl and the butcher, besides bedding and table linen, and she's paid for repairs on the house. Anonadab was continually finding fault and flingin' out that boards didn't put a dollar into his pocket."

"He'll find out what Silurah's done," observed Miss Chirp. "She's been scrippin' herself and puttin' by every cent she could save to educate her boy. He's full of music just like his mother, but Anonadab won't help him because he don't take to farming. Anonadab hates music; he won't let Silurah hum a tune if he is in the kitchen. She never dares to touch the piano when he's around. Silurah believes in educating a boy accordin' to his bent, but Anonadab thinks a deestrist school is good enough for a farmer's son. He says a college education is time and money thrown away. Silurah's a good woman."

"No," said Mrs. Fairplay. "Anonadab says he'd share his last dollar with her; but when it comes to the case in hand he isn't ready to do it. The fact is he wa'n't bron' family to do for people. Bein' an only son everybody did for him, and that makes children selfish. Silurah was brought up differently. Her father was old Parson Goldbury, one of the best men you ever see. Seems as if he lived at Heaven's gate and only stay out to help sinners in. I don't see how Silurah came to jine hands with Anonadab, but she says she loved him, and perhaps she did. I reckon she got tired of knockin' round in boardin' schools and wanted a home. Anonadab was fornicated and facted in a good family, and the old folks thought it would be a good match. Silurah didn't realize what she was goin' into, nor how hard her little hands would get playin' on a wash-board instead of a piano. She's smart, and she's got grit. I hope she'll get her own. That boy of hers will make his mark in the world. Those great eyes and that broad forehead wa'n't given him for nothin'."

Flushed with her long speech Mrs. Fairplay wiped her glasses and set her stitches rapidly.

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A hearty laugh rang through the room and merciless jokes were cracked at Mr. Arrowshooter's expense which would have dashed his self-complacency if he had heard them. A laborer was formerly then and there Silurah had adherents she never dreamed of having when she mustered courage to leave home on a strike.

Her cousin Amelia kept a genteel boarding house in a neighboring city. She had corresponded with Mrs. Arrowshooter for some time, and the schoolgirls together and fully understood her peculiar trials. When Silurah, in desperation, said she was tempted to strike and go where she could educate her son, Cousin Amelia offered her twenty-five dollars a month and the board of her son if she would take charge of her kitchen and captivate the boarders with muffins and chops which no one could cook quite so deliciously as Silurah.

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posite direction ended in an interview with a black-eyed, slatternly girl who did the questioning in short sentences. "Live on a farm? Make butter? How many in family? Want me to wash, iron, cook and scrub? Who used to do your work? Did she do all that? I don't want the place. I'd rather work in the mill."

"I don't want you," mentally rejoined Mr. Arrowshooter, as he stepped into his sleigh thinking where he should go next. He decided to call on Mrs. O'Hara, a woman who had washed for Mrs. Arrowshooter. Mrs. O'Hara advised him to try Katie Flynn. She was out of a place, living on her cousin and was a "foine, tidy kind of a girl."

Kate pursued the same line of inquiry as Miss French, with additional questions concerning the distance from church, number of nights out, wages and company. Mr. Arrowshooter began to feel discouraged when suddenly Kate asked his name. Her eyes flashed the instant he answered. "An' do ye think I'd be injurin' me fur name by goin' to the likes of ye?"

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### "WILD BEAST" STORIES.

Rumors of Mysterious Animals in the Rural Districts.

Country people are as eager to accept any rumor of a strange and dangerous creature in the woods as they are to believe in a ghost-story. They want it to be true; it gives them something to think about and talk about. It is to their minds like strong drink to their palates. It gives a new interest to the woods, as the ghost-story gives a new interest to the old house.

A few years ago the belief became current in our neighborhood that a dangerous wild animal lurked in the woods about, now here, now there. It had been seen in the dusk. Some big dogs had once or twice at the night, and one of them was nearly killed. Then a calf and a sheep were reported killed and partly devoured. Women and children became afraid to go through the woods, and men avoided them after sundown. One day I passed an old fisherman's shanty that stood in an opening in the woods. His wife came out with a pail, and begged leave to accompany me as far as the spring, which lay beside the road some distance into the woods. She was afraid to go alone for water on account of the "wild beast." Then, to cap the climax of wild rumors, a horse was killed. One of my neighbors, an intelligent man and a good observer, went up to see the horse. He reported that a great gash had been eaten in the top of the horse's neck; that its back was bitten and scratched, and that he had seen a wild animal like a panther, which had landed upon the horse's back and fairly devoured it alive. The horse had run up and down the field trying to escape, and finally, in its desperation, had plunged headlong off a high stone wall by the barn and been killed. I was compelled to accept his story, but I pool-pooled the conclusions. It was impossible that we should have a panther in the midst of us, or, if we had, that it would attack and kill a horse. But how eagerly the people believed it! It tasted good. It tasted good to me, too, but I could not believe it. It seemed to me that the horse was killed by another horse, a vicious beast that had fits of murderous hatred toward its kind. The sheep and calf were probably not killed at all, and the big dogs had had a fight among themselves. So the panther legend has faded from the minds of the people, and humdrum as before. We can not get up anything exciting that will hold, and have to make the most of such small deer as coons, foxes and woodchucks.—John Burroughs, in Century.

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